



Postage Stamps for Each State

Various Designs Suggested to Typify Sectional History or Peculiarities.

It is not unlikely that each State will have its separate postage stamp. And that upon receipt of a letter you can tell as far as you can see it where it comes from.

A bill has been introduced by Senator Pugh, asking that each State shall have the privilege of issuing its own stamp. The governor of the State, or the postmaster, or the vote of the people shall determine the nature of the stamp. The design shall then be sent to the Postmaster General who, upon approval, shall pass it along to the President or designated officials, who shall return it to the State with written consent.

The stamps will then be issued by the postoffice of the State that has just selected its private postage stamp, and the burden of the expense shall fall upon the taxpayers of the State, and not upon the whole United States. The red tape it to avoid the possibility of any firm advertising through the United States postage.

This is certainly interesting, and if it passes Senator Pugh will be a hero who has found something new. An ex-Senator speaking of it, said:

"Those who are against it are so on account of the expense upon the taxpayers, but if this can be obtained or brought under reasonable terms this, they think, might be forgotten. But the bill as it stands is a splendid patriotic soul."

"Oklahoma Territory almost unanimously adopted the mistletoe, so scarce elsewhere, and Maine found the pine cone and tassel its most characteristic bloom. Delaware chose the peach, and Idaho voted for the sweet syringa, while Minnesota, faithful to its Indian traditions, preferred the lovely mosses flower. Wisconsin took a tree, the maple, while Nebraska, Secretary Morton's own State, after trying to select a tree also, came back at last to the favorite of the Secretary, the golden rod."

"These flowers are worth memorializing, especially if they are to be selected for the State stamp, for the design upon the stamp will at once be introduced as part of the curriculum of the public schools, and the next generation of school children will know them like the alphabet."

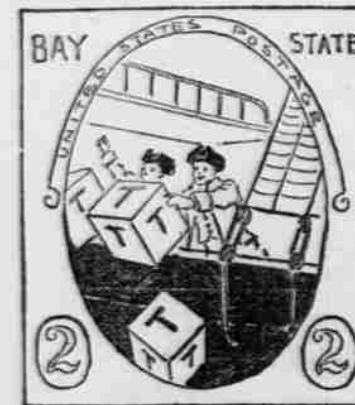
"But there are other topics that are as interesting as the State flowers. These are historical scenes and certain associations that are inseparable in the thought of the State."

"New York is so identified with New York harbor and with ocean steamships that the design of a vessel riding the waves was selected by a party of gentlemen who met in the smoking room of a Washington hotel to discuss the possibility of the stamp design. With a boat upon the crest of a wave the story of the great steamships and the principal port of the United States would be told all over the world wherever a stamp from New York traveled."

"Massachusetts, too, has its distinctive scene, aside from historic Cape Cod, and the great people who have come from its principal city. Massachusetts is too historical to allow its past to go unrepresented, and in all its records nothing stands out as prominently as its tea party."

"With all reverence the people of Florida would draw a picture of White Davis and place it upon their stamps. This young woman was 'The Daughter of the Confederacy' in times past. Today she is the 'Mother of the New South.' Never did Amazon or heroine live up to her convictions and traditions as does this historic young woman. She is the beautiful personification of patriotism and grace, and the Floridians want her youthful face forever perpetuated."

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MARDI GRAS' MAD WHIRL USHERS IN SOLEMN LENT

New Orleans, Feb. 14.—The festival of Mardi Gras begins here bright and early Monday morning. You hear its first notes Saturday and Sunday. They will burst upon the city with the rising of Monday's sun. Every train is bringing visitors and the hotels divide their pride between their decorations and their guests.

The Mardi Gras carnival is the greatest in the world. The revels of Rome, the battles of Flowers of Nice, the feasts of Madrid are small compared to it. The entire ice carnival of Canada would be only one event in the brilliant two days spent by Rex and his court.

You can have little conception if you live in the North of the hold which these two days take upon the city. The Governor and his staff are the leaders in the merry-making. The mayor and his associates are at the head of the processions. The Greys of the South, the Louisiana Artillery, the Continental Guards, all the great military bodies are "on duty" during Mardi Gras to assist in receiving guests and pay homage to Rex and his court.

The feast of the Mardi Gras is nothing more nor less than a two days' merry-making preceding the solemnity of Lent. The fun begins Shrove Monday and lasts until midnight Tuesday. The carnival people, stripping their kaytoggery from head and heels, troop to the churches and fall upon their knees in prayer. Their devotions

are of thankfulness to God for the joy of the past few days.

The New Orleans Mardi Gras is one of the most aristocratic of functions, but it is of a nature in which all take part. The entire city goes a-feasting. Northerners cannot appreciate it. But those who are Mardi Gras revellers once forget it never.

The first note you hear of the Mardi Gras is a commotion upon the "Yellow Sea," the Mississippi. Up and down the streets the fun-loving negroes run crying that they have seen Rex. "Rex is here! Rex is here!" they call to everybody.

Rex is the king of the Mardi Gras. Who he is never is known. As in all great events there are some discerning ones. But the exact name and status of Rex is kept secret until the minute he unveils his face two days later. Sometimes Rex is an obdurate king and will not reveal his face ever; and then the rest of the year the merry-makers are wondering "who Rex really was." That he was a leader of society in a aristocratic American-French city is taken for granted. Surely! For did he not choose a queen from out the very ranks of New Orleans swiftdom.

Rex comes to New Orleans upon a ship, generally. The vessel is very beautifully decorated and it is filled with "courtiers," men who wear gay costumes and pay continual homage to their king. Perhaps Rex is steering the craft with a four-footed while his courtiers are grouped around him. All, presumably, have come from the North. All wear small masks with

noses that disguise effectually; and behind them are groups of "ladies of the court," who by the way are young men dressed as women, for it is not good etiquette for the girl merry-makers to appear masked in the streets. They wait for the Mardi Gras ball.

At the wharf the military companies receive Rex and escort him to the city hall. Here the mayor of the city gives the keys of New Orleans to King Rex; and for the next forty-eight hours he is monarch of the Crescent City.

One of the delightful features of the Mardi Gras is the presence of many visiting military companies. These come from the North, East, and West. Every city that has a regiment deserving a vacation makes its preparations to send the boys to New Orleans for the Mardi Gras. The military companies of the city entertain them and the first day of the Mardi Gras they are entertained by Rex at a grand banquet. The blue coats and the gray mix, and it is held that the Mardi Gras has united the North and South quicker than any other thing has ever done.

The procession of Rex takes place after the city has become his. This procession lies through the main streets of New Orleans and is a grand pageant. Nothing has ever been known to excel the New Orleans Mardi Gras parade.

A feature of this is the allegorical floats. These represent the history of the city, the court of Napoleon, of which a visit to New Orleans always reminds you, and all the allegorical figures of history. Famous pictures are represented, mythological sub-

jects are portrayed, all the incidents of the United States and finally come great brilliant pageants so intricate, so vast, and so venturesome for street use that a fire engine follows them for fear of flames or personal danger.

Visitors telling of the Mardi Gras add a bit to its interest by putting romance to fact. They like to draw the great feast as a great riot. They put license in the place of liberty, and they would have you believe that it is not safe to venture out of doors by day or night in the beautiful city while King Rex is abroad. But the Mardi Gras is not conducted that way.

In the trees of New Orleans during the parade you see grinning monkeys, with big heads and preternaturally white teeth. You see all sorts of strange animals scrambling up to the branches, and you behold, worming its way through the boughs, the most impossible reptiles and the oddest tropical creatures. As you pass underneath you may be showered with nuts or snowed under with bits of tinsel and paper, or you may get a rap upon the head with the tail of a snake. But you take it all in good part, for Rex is coming—Rex preceded by a gay bodyguard; Rex with his pageant; Rex with his brilliancy and merriment.

Through the middle of the streets are ranks of carnavals. They are dressed in strange array, with strange noses, noses that tell you they are from Mephisto's regions, and the way it is participated in by the whole city. Mardi Gras is a legal holiday in Louisiana and in Alabama, like Fourth of July or Washington's birthday. Other cities attempting a carnival have not succeeded in making it unanimous enough to allow business men the privilege of closing their places of business and taking part. With the business men at work in shop and office no carnival can hold the attention of the people. In New Orleans the very bone and sinew of the city is taken for the bone and sinew of Mardi Gras.

What Mardi Gras costs is something that is kept as secret as the name of Rex himself. Much is done by private contribution. Many individuals spend money for decoration. It is like any city draped for a holiday. You bring in your flags and bunting next morning.

Other festivals have been held that were exclusively for those who could pay, as ice palaces, with high-priced tickets of admission. But the Mardi Gras is as free as the pavement of the streets, and the keeping of it up, year after year, is a matter of national pride to this country in a tabulation of the great carnivals of history.

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Meanwhile the young women are getting ready for the Mardi Gras ball. There are balls all over the city. All classes of

society, down to the poorest revellers, indulge in a "dance." At the great ball Rex chooses his queen, and with her takes a tour of many ball rooms, receiving the homage of the assembled military companies, of the reception committees and the dancers. No one takes liberties with Rex. All bow before his fair queen, who is the most beautiful girl in a city of marvelously beautiful women.

There is a parade both days of the Mardi Gras—Monday and Tuesday. Tuesday's parade being the more elaborate. In each Rex is differently dressed. At one he may be a wonderful flying creature hanging suspended by ribbons, king of the universe. At another an imposing majesty in velvet and furs. But he is King Rex of the Mardi Gras however appressed. He is chosen from his fitness in matters social, diplomatic, and historic. But his queen is picked for her social rank and beauty. To have been Queen of the Mardi Gras is enough triumph for the life of one woman.

The first Queen of the Mardi Gras was Mrs. Walker Fearn, who was prominent with Mrs. Potter Palmer in the World's Fair. She is now the wife of one of Mr. Cleveland's appointees to Egypt. Each year the picture of the queen in her robes is lovelier than the last.

The secret of the Mardi Gras revel, prominent people say, is a twofold one—its high tone, maintained year after year, and the way it is participated in by the whole city. Mardi Gras is a legal holiday in Louisiana and in Alabama, like Fourth of July or Washington's birthday. Other cities attempting a carnival have not succeeded in making it unanimous enough to allow business men the privilege of closing their places of business and taking part. With the business men at work in shop and office no carnival can hold the attention of the people. In New Orleans the very bone and sinew of the city is taken for the bone and sinew of Mardi Gras.

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Midnight Meals Of the Famous

How the Late Supper Habit Has Pastened Itself Upon Celebrities.

The secret of President Cleveland's duck shooting has been discovered by a Columbus of this city. The President is inordinately fond of ducks, he they canvas backs, water fowl, or common fowls. To have them fresh, he goes for them himself, and to be sure they are killed with the right aim, he shoots them on the wing and brings them down, not mutilated, for table use.

For a late supper in the private dining-room of the White House there is always a hot bird—a fat young duck—and a bottle of schner ready for union with any liquid nocturnal draught that may come knocking yearningly at the Executive's stomach.

The President is temperate in his choice, and in going to hunt what he wants he follows the good old Jerseyman custom of his ancestors, who have been game and sportsmen in the woods of Jersey and brought them home for the delectation of the family. For a midwinter's night dream there is nothing like a good duck and a prosperous nation, so says the Columbus who has learned these facts on voyages of discovery to the White House.

Senator Peffer has been followed many a night to an Avenue cafe, where he orders an oyster stew. It is his favorite going-to-bed dish. Also his favorite at noon-day. The Peffer brand makes it easy to recognize him and the lads out on a lark say: "Let us follow Peffer's band and see where it is going." It is a very simple, yet very delicious, meal late at night. It is a platter of hashed brown potatoes in cream, with two poached eggs on top. This is food for the gods, if they be senatorial ones with brains to replenish.

Reed can actually daily with his stomach, thinking nothing of a coarse supper while the clocks are laboring their utmost to tell him it is Cinderella hour.

Another man who can dally with the hour of Cinderella's insatiability is Carlisle, who eats and drinks what he pleases and when he pleases. His independent policy is nothing compared with his independent digestion. At 12 he can order up a rarebit.

Walter Damrosch is a favorite in society and Bohemia. His friends like no better than to lure him to a roof garden for a midnight spread of something to eat that tiresome shakings mane of his that beats with the motions of the baton.

There is a famous New York clergyman who has a young and pretty wife. With her opposite him, this clergyman picks a seat at the highest-toned concert hall of the city, and, covering behind her broad hat, he orders hot birds, until both no home merry as Noah's dove after it had found a living sprig. Their cold bottles are rich, but you don't care what you drink when you're bent on enjoying yourself. It's the lark that counts.

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"Washington and the cherry tree must belong to old Virginia. Trivial though it seems, it is the strongest picture in the history of Washington. The cherry tree is

a favorite with each new generation. It has tender associations with each grown one. Executed in a dignified way, the cherry tree would carry not only weight, but would stand as a landmark of the Father of his Country. No other State could claim it, and Virginia certainly would do so.

"Pennsylvania might claim one of many designs. As the early capital of the United States it might embody the old Capitol in its stamp. Its revolutionary battles, its landmarks, its statesmen, all suggest themselves, but it is as the Keystone State that Pennsylvania stands in the minds of other States. A magnificent keystone design, with solidity and architectural beauty, might well represent Pennsylvania.

"Utah's motto has a pioneer upon it. Utah, now a State, has passed through the most varied history of all the States. Its motto might be 'Work,' with a pioneer underneath. Its mission has been to lead ahead, to blaze the way. In its mining, its resources and its landscape beauty there is a broad field for the selection of a stamp design, but the good, sturdy pioneer

is a favorite throughout Utah. The barrier is that other countries form an incorrect impression of its statutes and culture from the roughly clad figure of a woodman. But it is certainly emblematic of the State's history.

"Kentucky's blue grass, its lovely women

and its high-bred horses are all told in the head of a horse. If I were a Kentuckian I would ask for the horse upon our postage stamp and ignore all the battle scenes and the ancient regime of which Kentucky is rich in history. Its horses are its noblest feature. If the choice of a stamp were left with the men of the State I'd bet upon its being a Kentucky bluegrass belle.

"What can California select? What would you have her select? Her fruits, her flowers, her marvelous flora, tales of her verdure and bloom, her lush and ripeness, are like fables away from her flowery coast. Have you ever seen her callas, you have raised one tully in a hothouse and transported it, swathed in cotton, for the proudest post on your Easter table? Tell California to show her flowers and fruit.

"Ohio, to my mind, ought to have Grant. He grows greater as the years decline. Ohio's stamp should suggest war. In battle time the country looks to the Buckeye State for its strength and force. It has had more than its share of Presidents, too.

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